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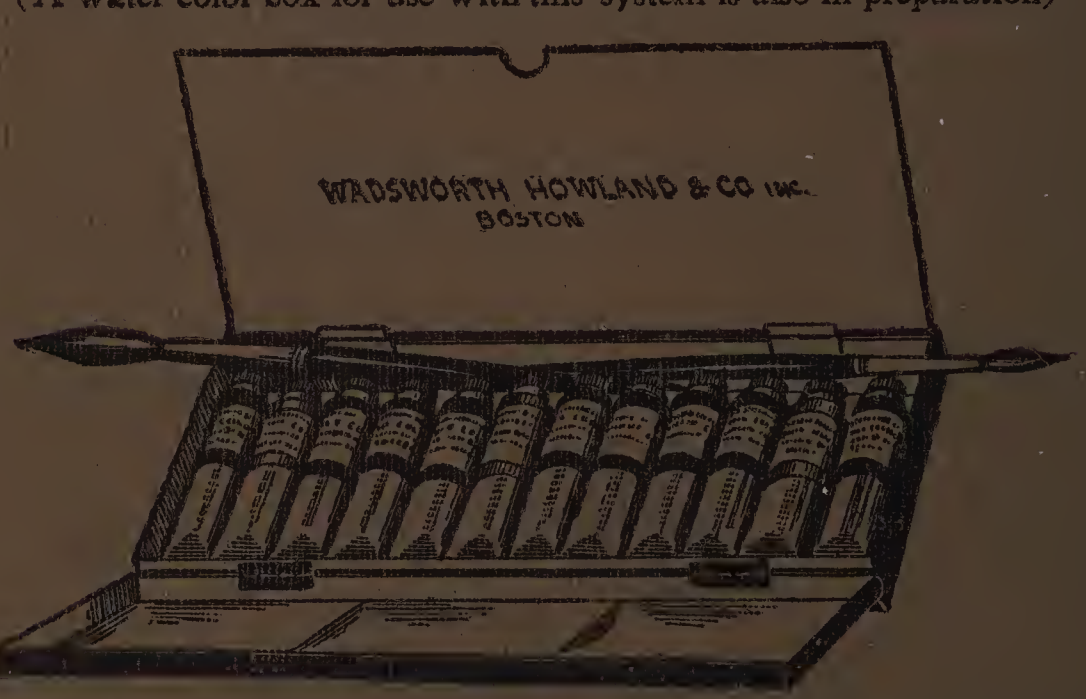

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The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, during the third week of every month in the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

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Motto

"The Moral Law"

By William Wordsworth

All true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre by the margin of the sounding
waves,
Palmyra central in the desert, fell,
And the arts died by which they had
been raised.
Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the sage shall make re=
port
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is that philosophy whose sway is
framed
For mere material instruments:— how
weak
Those arts and high inventions, if
unpropped
By virtue.

"A man may be measured by the things he seeks."

Good Manners in Art

Is it still true, or was it never true, that artists and art students are conspicuously lacking in good manners, regarding them as a needless encumbrance when they as artists have special rights to do what is natural or sincere, that is, just as they happen to feel? Certainly some of them have laid such emphasis on being what they are pleased to call "themselves" that they are rude in speech, careless in dress, and vague in expression, living in a disorder they term aesthetic, and justifying their selfishness and disregard of proprieties under the name of artistic values.

They have neither the energy nor the insight to see that the unit of good manners is an expression of art in its personal relations, and that the more noble are the manners, the deeper is the artistic nature of the person. And it is because of this wider view of art as making itself felt through personal conduct, sympathy, and culture that the formal, mechanical, insistent methods of teaching art are so much to be regretted. A teacher who is in a hurry, unsympathetic, angular, should never teach even the first rudiments of drawing, still less make grade programmes. One may take a certificate for the completion of any number of courses at any number of schools and yet never be an artist in expression, for it is the feeling behind any reproduction of another's work or any composition of one's own which makes the work performed an expression of art.

But as such remark is merely a truism, may I now simply plead that the artist or would-be artist should lay hold on good manners as the truest and most unconscious expression of art in its personal relations of intercourse, the basis whereof lies in feeling. Only let it not be forgotten that it is a half truth to claim that sincerity is the sole foundation for feeling or good manners, as such an assertion is like saying that an uneducated conscience is as keen in its mandates as an educated one.

What is called good, everyday, plain sincerity is usually rough and awkward; it may be the truth, but if so, it is often stiff, cruel, and unnecessary. What we do need is to permeate sincerity with grace and sympathy. Surely it is not affectation to cultivate grace of bearing, nor to acquire a knack at saying pleasant instead of unpleasant things. We, old men and women, young men and maidens, have got to take pains

"Scholarship without good breeding is but tiresome pedantry."

with ourselves, not because of society values, but because of the eternal principle of beauty, which each of us is to develop as best he can in himself, as well as in his surroundings.

Most of us can manifest that appreciation or possession of beauty through good manners more than by any physical graces, while it is far easier to acquire good manners than regular features, clear complexion, or a fine figure. Even if one chances to have one or all of these outside attractions, they are far less potent in middle life and old age than the pleasure which is given or received by meeting those who add to their gifts of mind and heart the witchery of good manners.

What does it all amount to, this insistence on good manners? "Of course we all know how to behave!" exclaims the impatient young artist.

But you do not know how, is the silent answer you might find reflected in your mirror or in the eyes and smiles of those who wish you were different. It is a big mistake to think that trivial issues are the only result of good manners, which are rather opportunities for widening service to others and for a deepening sense of pervasive beauty.

People's manners cannot be all alike, and no one wants them to be, the difference in them often being that between good form and good forms, the first is the whole perfect expression of the man or woman, the latter is like the provincialisms that often attach themselves to local types of good manners. We want neither the official, tailor-made type, nor the fluffy, casual, go-as-you-please variety; neither the window or corridor flirtations nor the library Platonic friendships; neither the spasmodic gyrations of the Virginia reel nor the languorous intertwining of arms and holding of hands of the two-step. Such modes are only sporadic mannerisms soon abandoned wherever good manners are cultivated as the self-expression of art. It is the deep simplicity of purpose, the unaffectedness of heart, the quick ability to see a point, and the cordiality of comradeship that make the mannerisms of the artist or student blossom into the good manners of the gentleman or lady.

Then comes the miracle of good manners, that not only has won friends everywhere, but that Nature herself, even in her commercial aspects, takes on a beauty which would not have been noticed unless the

"Concentration doesn't mean straining. It means cutting out the things that interfere."

feelings had been attuned to fine perceptions. The warmth which is in the heart penetrates "The Fairy Dust," and makes the haze as beautiful as it was described to be in the March number of the CENTRE OF VISION. Then is it that Art finds herself justified of her children when the good manners of the heart have become the means by which one finds beauty everywhere.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

The Faculty Reception

The annual reception and dance was tendered the faculty of the M. N. A. S. on Thursday evening, April 11. Instead of the formal receiving line and endless introductions, with general dancing following immediately, the students, with their guests, dressed in costumes of the Colonial period, promenaded from the second floor to the hall, each couple making a court bow before the dias on which the faculty was seated.

An entertainment followed the promenade, opened by Mrs. Ernest L. Major and the president of the Senior class in a minuet. This was followed by living pictures, posed by E. L. Major. The models were chosen from the audience, and not confined to students and compositions made without previous rehearsal.

Miss Caroline Hassoldt, in strikingly picturesque Spanish costume, rendered two Spanish dances with much grace. Mr. Major again officiated, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Doherty, who sang exceedingly appropriate songs in a manner quite above criticism.

Before the last set of pictures, which ended with a full-length portrait of our principal, Mr. George Bartlett, a court minuet was presented by sixteen of the students.

Directly after intermission general dancing, including, as far as possible, old-fashioned dances, completed the programme.

Miss Norton, principal of the Cleveland Art School, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells were the guests of honor.

The Senior.

"After all, when it rains it settles the dust; and when the sun shines it dries up the mud."

E. B. W.

"It certainly is asking a good deal of you, Dick, to look out for Emma from Edgewood here, but if you can do it, it will save me a lot of time and extra fuss. She isn't far off from normal, and probably if I'd not given you the tip you'd never have guessed. You see, the whole trouble is that she worked too hard when she was in college, and the family think if she's under Dr. King's treatment for a while she'll soon be well. You can't miss her, for she's as pretty as a picture—dark hair and eyes—but anyway, you'll know by her suit case, for it has the letters E. B. W. on one end. She'll be looking for some one to meet her there, so she won't be surprised when you speak to her. I'll meet you at the train here."

For the tenth time Dick Ward read his friend's letter, and wondered if he could find the girl described when he walked through the car. What should he do if he didn't catch sight of the letters on the suit case? Jack had told him that Emma didn't look like him, even if she was his cousin, so that would serve as no clew to the mystery.

For three years Jack Willard had been studying with Dr. James King, whose sanatarium for the treatment of mental troubles stood at the head of such institutions, and Dick Ward's visit to him came at the most opportune time; for now he could do the duty of escort to Miss Emma Willard on her way and until she was put under Dr. Jack's protecting care.

There was little time left for reflection, for the train was pulling in, and Dick, with the open letter in his hand, boarded the rear platform and began his quest. Along the line of suit cases in racks above the passengers his eyes wandered until he spied the magic letters E. B. W., and in the seat below was surely one of the most attractive looking girls he ever saw. With his most polite bow, he stepped to her side, saying: "Miss Willard, I believe?" and when she assented, he continued: "We're bound for the same place—Dr. King's sanatarium—are we not?" With that he took the vacant seat beside her.

To his chagrin, she didn't appear to be in a conversational mood,

and for some time he sat in silence, wondering what he could say that would make the situation less embarrassing, for surely he must stay by her—for Jack's sake. He looked at her, sitting with eyes intent on the passing country, and a great wave of pity came over him that such a girl should be so afflicted.

On her part, Elizabeth Willard was wondering how she could get rid of the young man, who surely must be slightly insane, from the fact of his destination. Jack had often told her that patients came alone, and this must be one. How did he know her name?—that was the question. However, she shrank from entering into a conversation that might perhaps bring on his mental trouble. She was far from being a coward, for she had been the constant companion of her cousin, Emma Willard, who, in like condition, was to have taken this same journey to-day. An hour before she was to start, she had fallen and broken her arm, which would delay her trip, but which made it possible for Elizabeth to make a flying trip home, and thereby see for a moment her brother Jack as the train passed through the town where he was.

"There, I know it won't do any harm if I talk to him," she said to herself, and soon she and Dick were talking as if they were old friends. He was surely a most companionable person—responsive to any call for sympathy—and he realized how much easier 'twould be for him in time to come if he could now get some insight into this girl's case.

Of Nature in all her springtime beauty, of buds, and birds, and flowers they talked. All through the journey from New York Elizabeth had found great joy in looking at a beautiful white rose worn by a young girl. It certainly was bewitching to see the play of light and shade upon it, and as she talked, her mind dwelt continually on the likeness it bore to a life well lived, losing its edges by blending with its surroundings. She could not keep from speaking of it to him, for surely he was a kindred spirit, and doubtless she would learn more about him when he was in her brother's care.

And he, too, spoke to her of things he'd never desired to tell another person, and into his pity for her trouble there crept a pity for himself that when he found a girl who seemed so suited in thought to him,

"The wealth of nations, as of men, consists in substance, not in ciphers."— *Ruskin.*

she was far from strong in that particular. She was so refreshing—so different from others—so overjoyed in just the beauty of things and the delight of youth and life! When she spoke of the nower, he wished that she would speak no more—it hurt him; but he must not stop her, for it might bring on her trouble.

Never had a girl semed to voice his own feelings as this cousin of Jack's, and he began to wonder how long a rest she would need to be normal again. If only—but the Fates spin as they choose.

Here's the Ridgway station and there's Jack on the platform to welcome them. When Dick took her suit case down, she told him she was going to stop there only as long as the train did, but he paid no heed, and she let him take it. She knew Jack could make it right with the poor fellow.

Dick Ward was never more surprised and confused in his life than he was when he saw Jack rush up to the girl with a shout of joy that could only be a brother's, saying: "Why, Betty, of all the people in the world! And where is Emma?" Then followed explanations, till the man holding the suit case wondered if they'd forgotten his existence. But Jack didn't forget him long, and in a moment was saying: "My sister Elizabeth—Richard Ward, the best friend I have."

There was much glee when they realized that each had thought the other partially insane. Betty and her suit case were soon on their way to Albany, where Jack and Dick must now spend Sunday, and as these two, arm in arm, walked back with no patient to the sanatarium, one could have heard an explanation that made much clear. "Why, their initials are just the same—but, by Jove, I never thought of that!"

Florence L. Goding, '07.

Spring has come with birds and flowers,
Bloomin' hats and April showers,
'Guess I'll hurry to th' fiel's,
Run and jump and kick my heels,
Lay and watch the clouds roll by.
Oh! I feel jus' 's though I'd fly,

ALUMNI NOTES

Royal B. Farnum, Cleveland School of Art, Cleveland, Ohio, Editor

Listen, in the April rain
Brother robin's here again. —Anderson.

Next month, from the eighth to the eleventh, the various Art Associations meet in one grand convention in Cleveland We hope to have an interesting account of the meeting in the next number.

The Cleveland School of Art has been holding several most interesting exhibitions during the winter. Last month probably the choicest one of the year was to be seen. "Our Lady of the Angels," by Bouguereau, and "The Blessed Mother," by Hitchcock, were loaned by prominent men of Cleveland. The third picture, "The Disciples of Emmaus," by Dagnan-Bouveret, was loaned by the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg. Beautifully hung in the well-nigh perfect auditorium and exhibition room of the school, these three masterpieces attracted several thousand people during the week. Each afternoon fifteen-minute addresses were given on "The Relation of Art to Religion" by the most distinguished ministers of the city.

This month an exhibition of Norwegian picture weaving in tapestries is shown, creating a deep influence in this exemplification of the Arts and Crafts movement.

The annual alumni dinner, held at Young's Hotel April 1, was a marked success, 102 being present. Charles W. Furlong, '95, was elected the new president.

J. Winthrop Andrews, '03, is still in Chicopee, finding plenty of new fields in which to improve the art work.

Goldie London, '06, is supervising in Essex.

Esther Mann teaches two days in the week at Winchester.

Miss Warren, '96, has been teaching for twelve or thirteen years in the Fitchburg Normal. Mrs. Bacon (Miss Drake, '03) instructs in industrial work and design.

"We cannot help anybody farther up than we stand ourselves."

Miss Chaffin, '95, is teaching drawing in the ninth grade, Fitchburg.

Miss Florence E. Goodenough, a graduate of this school, and who is at present supervisor of drawing in the schools of Orange, Mass., has been appointed as one of the committee of the International Teachers' Association to be held in London this summer.

Qualities of the Artist

He is a being of deep reflection—one
  That studies nature with intensest eye;
Watching the works of air, earth, sea, and sun—
  Their motion, attitude, their form, their dye—
Cause and effect. The elements which run,
  Or stagnant are, he traces their source
With vivid study, till his pencil makes
  A perfect likeness; or, by fancy's force,
A new creation in his heart he takes,
  And matches nature's progress in his course
Towards glory. In the abstractions of the mind,
  Harmony, passion, and identity,
His genius like the summer sun is shining,
  'Till beauty and perfection he can see. —Wordsworth.

The Jamestown Exposition

The Jamestown Exposition opens April 26. Just 300 years ago that date the English first put foot upon American soil, and soon after founded a settlement which they called Jamestown, having gotten the name from the James river on which they cruised. From exhibitions of this kind we not only have clearly brought to our minds the past history of a certain city, but it gives each state an opportunity to show the world what advances have been made, since the time of the colonists, along the various business, educational, and social lines.

Each state will have its own building similar to some historical building of particular interest to that state. Massachusetts will exhibit in a building planned after the style of our first state house.

ART NEWS

Edited by Edith M. Shepard

The editorial column of a recent Transcript contains a very appreciative article on our Museum of Fine Arts. We give the following extracts :—

"It is a fine habit to contribute annually to the Museum of Fine Arts, and it is one that is growing, as the receipts from the subscribers last year were the largest on record and an increase of twenty per cent. over the subscription of the previous year. It helps one to feel that not only is he 'a citizen of no mean city,' but that he does his share to make it what it is. For in nothing is the traditional glory of Boston more signally maintained to the present hour than in the Museum of Fine Arts. In some respects it sets the standards for the world of research and learning. Great as the Metropolitan Museum in New York is, especially in acquisitions of paintings modern and of the old masters, it is surpassed by the Boston Museum in the intelligent co-ordination of its classical objects. Best of all, the Museum is used by the people. The number of visitors last year was 261,144.

"Ground has at last been broken for the new building on Huntington avenue. About six acres along the avenue will be covered by a noble triplicate pile of Greek order, leaving the other six acres of the Museum lot fronting on the Fens for its future expansion. All this will take millions of money, but it is not for the funds that will be required for the building that the trustees address a special request to subscribe $20, $50, $100, or more, to those who are in positions to respond. This is only for the current expenses for the keeping of the Museum, which expense, it should be understood, is not met by any assistance whatever from state or municipal taxation. The two or three million building fund is a separate matter, and must be raised in a different way. Here the automobile standard of outlay becomes very interesting. It is estimated by

those in charge of the coming effort for the building fund that a single year's expenditure for automobiles in the single state of Massachusetts would build the whole Museum and run it for thirty years."

A new office of Docent, in the Museum staff, has just been created. The services of the Docent are for the purpose of giving Museum visitors oral instruction and guidance. This is an attempt to more nearly fulfill educational obligations to the public than can be fulfilled through means of the printed catalogue.

The Museum Bulletin says: "The Docent will give any visitor what information he possesses about any or all of the collections. Visitors having special interests will be aided in pursuing them; those desiring to see the whole Museum at one visit will be guided to the principal objects without loss of time; for those interested in the newest accessions the Docent may have data not yet published.

"Appointments with the Docent may be made by letter to the temporary director of the Museum, or by application at the entrance to the Museum for any hour not previously engaged, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and on Saturday mornings.

"The undertaking is a first essay in a new direction, and its development will be guided by results. The public is cordially invited to cooperate in the experiment."

The April Century contains an interesting scientific article on "Color-Blindness; with Special Reference to Art and Artists," by Edward A. Ayers, M. D.

The writer first explains sight in general, comparing the retina of the eye to the sensitive camera plate. But the eye is far superior, as it sends "positive" pictures, moving and in color, to the brain.

The color sensation is obtained by wave vibrations of color acting on the retinal nerves. These nerves are able to distinguish all color shades by the character of their vibrations, "just as the ear knows the sound of a horn from that of a violin by the quality of the tone produced."

The color sense is a fascinating and puzzling phenomenon. The most satisfactory theory is that there are two sets of color nerves, the "rods" interpreting light in its purely luminous phase, and the "cones"

interpreting colors, and distinguishing them by the length of their respective waves. "When the eyes gaze upon a pure red, 481,000,000,000 waves will beat upon the retinal shores in a second. Change the color to violet, and 764,000,000,000 waves will rush through the open window of the eye. Wonderful vibrations, wonderful mathematics! Between these two extremes, representing 283,000,000,000 different rates of speed, lie all the colors of the rainbow, and by those vibrations must the eye detect each shade."

"The eye can see only twenty odd per cent. of the color waves that fly through space. We are all totally color-blind to the remainder. All waves that are longer than 36,000 to the inch (red) or shorter than 61,000 to the inch (violet) are invisible."

It is assumed that each of the primary colors has its own set of cones. If we suppose the cones that see green to be absent, the eye would be color-blind to green; but it would still have its rods that would see the luminosity of all green objects, interpreting that luminosity as so much gray. "But generally there is some sense of a color felt; not all the cones of a color are wanting. Then there will be a tinge of such color in the effect."

"We must remember that while a complexion or a landscape may express no red to a color-blind, yet he may see that these shades are different from their surroundings, and note the same peculiarity in his red pigments. A red cow might appear olive-green or russet-brown, depending upon the amount of sunlight upon her coat and the degree of the artist's color-blindness. But his pigments, being of lesser luminosity, would not 'hit the eye' as intensely until he had painted a very much redder cow. Nature is speaking with a trumpet, and his pigments in a gentle whisper. Should the artist reverse the conditions of luminosity, and install the cow in his studio grade of light and hold his palette in the sunlight, he would equalize the respective luminosities and copy correctly."

"This, then, is the law: Variations in light illuminating colors do not alter color impression with normal eyes, only intensifying the color

sense in brighter light; but with the color-blind they alter the shade itself."

The Committee on the Utilization of Museums of Art by Schools and Colleges announces two lectures by Miss Cecilia Beaux, to be given at Simmons College. April 30, "Modern Art and the Public"; May 7, "Portraiture." The lectures begin at 4.30 P. M. Free tickets will be issued on application to the secretary, Simmons College, Boston.

Bela L. Pratt has just completed the clay model for his statue, "The Andersonville Prisoner Boy," to be erected in Andersonville, Ga., by the state of Connecticut, in memory of the Northern youths who there lost their lives in the infamous stockade. The statue is said to be very forceful in the genuineness and simplicity of the pose.

Monsieur Rodin has been commissioned to sculpture an International Memorial to James McNeill Whistler. It is to be placed in the Gardens of the Chelsea Embankment, a site particularly well chosen, as it is near the home where Whistler lived, worked, and died. Rodin hopes to complete the memorial by the end of the present year. The total cost of the enterprise is estimated at £2,000.

Sunlight and Shadows

She posed in the sunlight before him,
  Her background the glad, blue sky,
She seemed like the spirit of springtime,
  So beautiful, young, and shy.
He said: "I will paint you, sweetheart,
  So that all the world will exclaim,
Your beauty will make my fortune,
  My art will bring you fame."
So all through the golden hours,
  With hopes and ambitions high,
He painted the face of his sweetheart,
  So beautiful, young, and shy.
And as they spoke of the future,
  And the fame she'd help him win,
There came up a sudden shower
  That drenched them both to the skin.

Christopher Meddler.

EDITORIALS

Yes, it is nearly the end of April, and only a few weeks more of work. For some it means hard work, and for the more fortunate simply the usual routine. But whatever may be our lot, it is our duty to get out of doors and reap the benefits of the spring air. We are told by a very learned man that "to spend more than a moderate number of hours in mental exercise diminishes insensibly the powers of future application," and that "pure air and thoroughly ventilated apartments are essential to health." Therefore let us do our share toward keeping a healthy body, that we may be given the strength to fulfill our mission. To neglect our health would be like unto a traveler who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse.

We expect that many of the underclass men will profit by the reduced rates given by Chickering. Application cards may be obtained from the chairman of the Senior photograph committee, Miss Morton. Those who have already signed had better engage a sitting as soon as possible, as it will be much more satisfactory to all concerned than to have every one rushing in at the last moment expecting the best of results.

All contributions for the May number must be in by May 8.

Illustrations, cover designs, class notes, articles, and contributions of all kinds for the June number must be in by May 15. Only important news items can be received after that date. We wish to make this June issue the best of the year, and representative of the best that the pupils of this school can do. The price will be twenty-five cents per copy.

Daniel R. Stewart is a new class editor for the class of 1909, taking the place of Richard J. Herlihy.

The centrepiece in the cover design for this month was drawn by A. F. F. Dallachie.

"The man who thinks he can't win is sure to be right about it, for he has already lost."

Contrast

In Dreamland I am a real artist,
  And my pictures are wondrously sweet,
Such portraits, such landscapes and sketches,
  'Twould hard be with them to compete.
But in real life I strive and I struggle
  With charcoal, with paint, or with clay,
But somehow, not quite like my model
  Is the work that I do every day.
Yet I'm treading the steep, rugged pathway
  That leads to the land of my dreams;
Then onward! Each step brings me nearer,
  Though slow is my progress, it seems.
Students many have walked o'er this pathway,
  Many more here in future will be,
And their Vision shall then lead them onward,
  As mine, even now, leadeth me.

Harriet B. Thayer, '09.

Class Notes

'07

Florence I. Bulfinch James K. Bonnar

How many have had their "faces took" while the camera is in running order? Go early and avoid the rush. Remember, Chickering, 21 West street, is the official photographer.

Miss B——s has our hearty good wishes in her trial for the "Batchelor of Arts" degree.

"Yes," explained the teacher, "our visitor this morning was from a Teacher's Agen——." Enter the villain!

Those taking part in the minuet have changed their "songs-of-the-day"—cornstarch pudding!

"If you would enjoy the fruit, pluck not the blossom."

Wanted—Several commissions for portraits. Apply to any member of the Portrait Class after July 1, 1908.

Miss Hosmer completed a portrait of her father last week. It will be hung in the Town Hall at Sudbury.

How many have completed their essay on "The History of Education"? A fine subject, with great possibilities. Get busy.

The amateur basket weavers find the "upset" trick the easiest to acquire (a complete demonstration on Saturday mornings).

Why, ———, your hair is a beautiful gray this morning. (Heard after the dance.)

Ste—bins recently met with a very serious accident while attending chapel in the lunch room. His moustache became tangled in a piece of dog-bread and left without giving notice.

'08

Polly M. Leavett Charles R. Mabie

Mr. Major lost two sheep,
And didn't go out to find them.
He let them alone,
And they came home,
With their tales of woe behind them!

He is singing when he's saddest. We are saddest when he sings.—Andreas.

Mr. J——— is so musical! His jokes are all accidental, some sharp and some flat.

Resolved: That the Junior class extend to Mr. Brigham their heartfelt sympathy in his recent bereavement.

Consider the thumb tacks how they roll. They stick not, neither do they hold! Awh! *Who* wears thin-soled shoes? Blankety Blank!

Why is an artist like a business man? Ahem! Always looking for values.

The Junior class made a "goodly show" at the faculty reception, and

the non-recognition of most of them by the faculty was taken as complimentary. We congratulate Mr. Major upon the great success of the tableau pictures and the Senior class upon the dainty manner in which the whole evening's programme was carried out, and we applaud our classmate, Miss Hassoldt, who was charming in her solo dance.

'09

Lillian Holden — Daniel R. Stewart

Bacchus and Miss Merchant have agreed to disagree. Bacchus has applied for separate maintenance. Judge Hamilton decided in favor of the defense.

Of course the faculty reception was The Social Event of the Normal Art School season, but the lesser lights had a jolly time March 23 at Huntington Chambers. Has that punch bowl shown up yet?

Private lunches served at 10.45 A. M. Guess where! Look down, not up,—look in, not out!

There is little doubt but what Josephine will make a good housekeeper, for after vacation she climbed to the top of the partition to see if the housecleaning had been thoroughly done.

Who said frappé? It always tastes better right out of the freezer, and as for spoons, they are an unnecessary luxury!

Question: "What's the matter with Psyche's head? Has she been scalped?"

Answer: "Oh, no, just a brain storm."

Get your paint boxes ready, children!

Students will do well to visit other Art schools and see if they can improve their Time Rules. A few just posted in a B studio are very expressive.

Miss Walley has our deepest sympathy in her recent bereavement.

'10

Alice H. Stephens — Aldro T. Hibbard

"Breed" is now a real "artist." He has brushes, a palette, and two cans of paint.

Rescued! One other fellow for our studio. He can keep Mr. Buttimer company now.

"Without a deep, moving purpose in life, no person can accomplish a really great thing."

There will be a class meeting very soon to decide about a class pin.

You that didn't attend the faculty reception don't know what you missed. We all had the grandest time!

Concerts by the "old brass band" down the alley are quite frequent nowadays. We had one performance this morning—"Cheer up, Mary," and "Arrah Wanna."

We are often entertained by Miss B——'s "first primer" stories. They are certainly very entertaining!

Edna has given up hope of ever becoming an artist, and has turned gypsy! She'll tell your fortune if you will give her fourteen of your gentleman friends' names!

A Thought

"A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond life."—Milton.

Can you not recall to your mind one occasion when you have met and talked with somebody, some woman, we will say, who has made you feel a bit envious of her literary knowledge? Yes, we must all confess that since we left high school such a thing as literature hasn't given us one moment of concern.

But isn't it a pleasure to meet the woman of whom I speak? She never lets the conversation lag and never becomes a bore. Then, too, a quotation recalls some bright story, and so she keeps the company in good humor by her own good wit and culture And she got all these bright, cheerful, clever words from books. Let us take it to ourselves. Cannot we, too, become members of this happy set of well-read people? How easy, oh, how simple! In every town, in every village is a library, and in these libraries are books, and all these books for us. Why not take one of these books occasionally? We know where we can get the most good—not from the light and current literature, but from the older writers. Let us study them and memorize some parts, some phrases that would so often help us in our daily conversations. Learn them well, then they become ours wherever we may be, for

"Memory is the only Paradise from which we cannot be driven."

M., '07.

S. Annette Washburn, Editor

How many editors review carefully the magazines with which their papers exchange each month? Yet how many admirable features might be gained for a paper if this were done!

Many times have we seen the personal appearance and habits of an individual improved by the example, the life of a friend, without a word of criticism having been spoken. We say, don't tell others what they should do, but be yourself what you think they ought to be, and they, seeing you, will make profit by it; or, in other words, example is better than precept.

Probably we cannot conceive of any one as being so obtuse as not to be on the alert for an example in some line of work, generally in regard to the things in which he is most interested.

Now, supposing that the editors are all properly interested in the betterment of their papers, as of course they are, we have only one other conclusion to make, and that is rather absurd, also. So, editors, it is with you.

However, the editors are not the only people whom it would benefit to look over the exchanges of their paper. The students, as well, would be much more satisfied, as a rule, and more enthusiastic over their own paper, as compared with those of other schools.

There is also a thought, fellow exchange editors, to be taken to ourselves, a question that we may well ask ourselves: Have we the best exchange list that it is possible for us to get, or do we accept the list of former exchanges from year to year with no thought of getting a few of the very best school papers each month by which to measure our magazine and see if the comparison is favorable, taking our "peculiar circumstances" and drawbacks into account?

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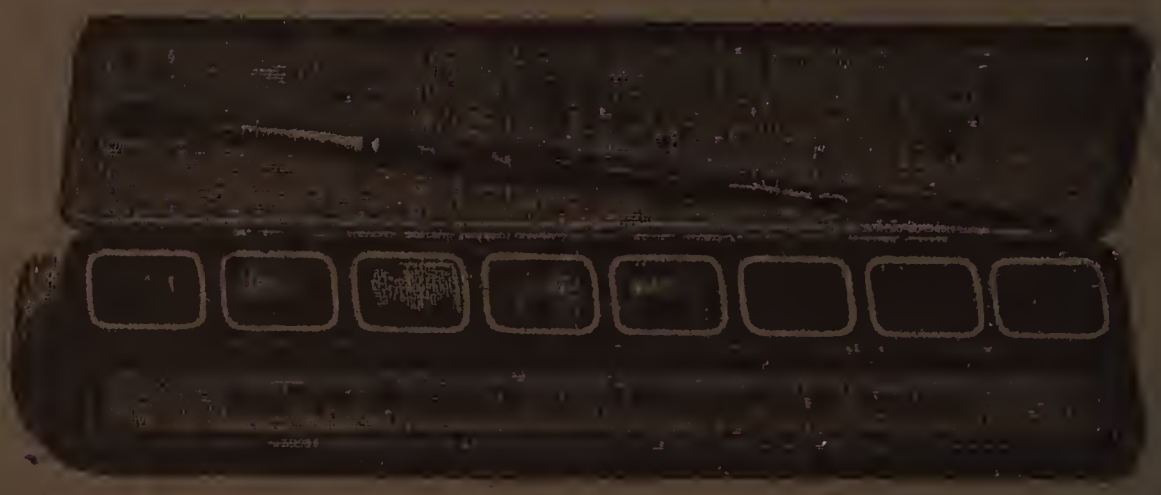

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